

Hurricane Chris "Halle Berry Official Remix"

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She finer den a B, ass and her T
Thick in tha hips, every nigga wanna call her
Miss Berry, Miss Berry
(Miss Berry)
Miss Berry, Miss Berry
(Miss Berry)

She walkin' like a model, hands on your knees
Scrub the ground, she ain't nothin' but a tease
Miss Berry, Miss Berry
(Miss Berry)
Miss Berry, Miss Berry
(Miss Berry)

Well, let's get ratchet, let's get ratchet
Look at her prettier than Halle and thicker than Janet
She say she like all of my club bangers I be jammin'
I told her to bust it open let me see what's really
happenin'

She the ship and I'm the captain, I'm the captain
Booty bigger and the pussy be poaching that make me
happy
And I'm all the way in your city, I'm from Louisiana
So you gotta show me how your city do it for tha
camera

Make it drop and bring it back to the top, I'm no
amateur, girl
You could give it to me, it ain't nothin' I can't handle
She just got out of the shower smellin' like a scented
candle
And I'll bend her, bend her backwards, I'll have her
slidin' off the mattress

No movin', no actin', baby this real action
Beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me
I know you're Halle Berry, baby this no actin'
I beat it up so bad you be scared to walk past me for
real

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Halle Berry you jazzy, and that's way past fine
Girl, you look like somethin' that's supposed to be on
the dance line
Incredible by the waist plus she got a pretty face
Even though she got class, she listen to UGK

I'm finna flip her through traffic with tha top back of tha
donk
Girl I guarantee I can make you go numb, numb, numb,
numb, numb
I got enough bread to take me and you to London
And back to America and all over the country

She make me wanna to keep her close by like a side
kick
She the type of chick that ain't gon' never look sloppy
I'mma beat it out the frame, Hurricane that's who I be
You must be Halle Berry, I don't need to see your ID

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Gon' bob your head
(Head)
Gon' work your shoulder
(Shoulder)
Now what I just said girl do it on the D

Age ain't shit, I done got a lil' older
Me or you man, baby girl take a pick, which one?

She's so classy, she's so jazzy
Lil' momma blow like a rail
Do it on the D, she don't need no help
She say she got it, she do it all by herself

Do it, do it sick
Get so fine like a goddamn ticket, gave her a hickey
In order for a nigga like me to spend cash
You gotta bounce like shocks in your ass

You, bed, ass, work, start slow, faster
Mr. Halle Berry, Mr. Take Your B
Take her from tha club to tha car to tha D
Superstar

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